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WHO KNOWS?

Who knows of the steps it takes
To keep the home together?
Who knows of the work it makes?
Only one—the mother.

Who listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother,
Who's pained by naughty blows?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the untiring care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Who knows of the tender prayer?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another,
Who knows of the patience sought?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years?
Only one—the mother.

Who kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love?
Only one—the mother.

—Home Journal.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

The Story of My Strange Deliverance.

There was a touch of comedy in the first and a decided tragedy in the latter scenes of a drama in real life, in which I played, involuntarily, a leading part, which has always been interesting in its telling, and may be equally so when written and read.

It was about a month after the close of our civil war when I was stationed at a town on the Mississippi, in Louisiana, busily engaged, in connection with my duties as Provost Marshal of the division and district, in paroling the many ex-Confederates who were constantly coming in—most of them sick and worn, all hungry and dirty.

Old Colonel C., a good "rebel" and a fine gentleman, considered himself under obligations to me for sending to his home in an ambulance, his young, brave, gray-coated and very sick soldier son, and he continually invited me to accept of his hearty old-fashioned Southern hospitality at the home plantation about eight miles from our post. He had three young daughters, good "rebels" all, but pretty, bright, sensible ladies, whose political opinions never tainted their courtesy. I was glad to seek such pleasant company, and often did so.

I received notice one day from the Colonel, that the next Sunday would be Miss Georgia's birthday—that my presence would add to the joyousness of the occasion, and that there would be ample home products for egg-noggs, which latter intimation I well understood, to mean that I would be greatly thanked if I brought the spirituous ingredients for that seductive concoction.

Early on the day mentioned I mounted with two canteens, one of whisky and one of Jamaica rum, fastened to my saddle-bow, and with no weapons. Necessity required that I should be in uniform passing through our troops and lines, and as the day was very, very warm I wore only a flannel undershirt beneath my closely buttoned, double-breasted coat, and strapped behind me a clean white garment and two collars, polished in the best style of the laundry art. I knew I would have to throw off my tight-fitting "harness" on my arrival to put on the light gray jacket the Colonel always insisted suited me better than the blue and brass, and I wanted to look "nice."

The road was long, hot and terribly dusty. About five hundred yards from my place of destination I stopped, picked my horse inside the fence, retired to a thick grove of light underbrush, I well knew, and through which ran a little stream of clear water. I disrobed and bathed, then, fresh, cool and clean, I proceeded to prepare for inspection and review. I was struggling with the over-starched "dressed shirt," head and arms bidden, when I heard the crackling of twigs. As I thrust my head, with hair all tumbled, through the bosom opening of the garment, I looked directly into the muzzles of three revolvers and one shot-gun, all held within five feet of, and on a line with, my head in a manner not calculated to increase a man's appetite for the contents.

Behind each weapon was a villainous outlaw, specimens of that class who were rebels and murderers with Union men and murderers and Yankees met with no mercy or sympathy from the true soldier of either side. Worse still, I recognized from descriptions often given me, that one of the party was Mat Kingsley, whose house, near the post, I had been forced to take as a small-hospital, and who, I had heard, vowed vengeance upon me for the act.

There was nothing to do but "throw up my hands," and I did it. There was no use in arguing or pleading with such a gang, so I put a bold front on the matter and tried to compromise.

I had a couple of hundred dollars in greenbacks in my pocket, and these, with my horse, I offered if they would free me. They laughed the proposition to scorn. They had me and all these belonging to me, and intended to part with nothing. They had not expected such luck as finding me, being on their way to some other cowardly, thieving expedition, and securing me was a prize unexpected.

Quickly as possible I was stripped of every piece of clothing and made to replace it with the ragged, vermin-infested rags of my captors. I was warned that if I made the least outcry my brains would splatter the brush immediately, and I knew the threat was in earnest.

Mat Kingsley, the man I recognized, claimed me as "his meat." He told the others to go on their projected raid, while he took me to the rendezvous and "saved me up" for their return the next morning. Then securing my arms behind me, and hobbling my feet beneath Kingsley's lean mule, which they forced me to bestride, three of the party took their departure, carrying with them one of the canteens of liquor, my guard claiming the other as his share. He mounted my horse, and making me ride slowly before him, directed my way through a briar path in and amongst the heavy, thick timber. Why he did not kill me at once I do not know, except that he may have desired to prolong my torture, or to really keep faith with his fellows. We rode in silence for an hour or more. At last we came to a small clearing, a "nigger patch," in the center of which was a tumble-down hut. Here Kingsley stopped, dismounted, untied my feet, motioned me to enter the cabin, and followed me.

The only occupant of the place was a little, thin, half-starved yellow woman. She seemed "scared to death" when we invaded her poor place, but, on demand, furnished us a drink of water, and Kingsley a pone of corn bread. She offered me one, but he struck it from her hand, saying:

"Let the cursed Yankee starve!" This gave her a clew to the whole situation, and I could see that she sympathized with me, but was powerless to give me aid. Several times she made excuses and tried to go out, but was ordered, with many oaths, to remain where she was.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings; they can easily be imagined. The thoughts of such an ignoble ending to an extended and somewhat creditable military career was what troubled me most. But I knew that nothing short of a miracle could save me.

Kingsley had been frequent in his attentions to the canteen of whisky during our ride, and now he had it at his mouth every few minutes. With every drink his rage increased, and he poured upon my head all the vile curses and foul names he could think of or invent. He kicked and cuffed me, struck me almost stunning blows on the head with the butt of his revolver, and took devilish pleasure in picturing the torments to which I would be subjected.

From the way he tilted the canteen I could see that it would soon be empty, and I fully expected that my life would end with the liquor.

He was mad with rage and drunkenness.

He drained the last drop and threw the vessel from him; then he sat for a time in moody silence, casting glances of hate at me and playing with his revolver.

At last, with a terrible oath that he would "finish me now," he rose and placed the pistol within three inches of my forehead.

He meant to kill me. I could see it in his eyes. He delayed a moment in pulling the trigger. The little black woman sprang for him and grasped his arm.

"Not here! not here!" she cried, piteously. The man turned upon her. I was so tied, arms and feet, I could neither aid nor escape. That woman clung to him; he could not shake her off, nor could his blows hurt her much at such close quarters.

Two shots he fired without effect, while the woman struggled and writhed, and wound herself about him.

To more easily grasp her he must have loosened his hold on the pistol; at all events, it flew from his hand and fell behind an old box that was standing in a corner. His hands both free, he seized the poor creature by the throat, choked her almost into insensibility, then lifted and "slammed" her in a helpless mass on the dirty floor.

There was no hope for me now.

Panting with his exertions he made his way to the box, and, his head turned to watch me, groped with his hand for the pistol.

Muttering hot curses he fumbled around for a moment or two, then gave a start, a quick glance at the dark cavity and uttered a fearful yell, straightened up, and I saw the most frightful, terror-stricken face my eyes ever looked upon.

In a second, a long, thin, black body glided across the floor and out of the door. It was a huge rattlesnake and its fangs had closed well and deadly in the hand of my would-be assassin.

The courage and bravado was all gone from him. He called upon the woman, on me, on Heaven to aid him. The woman was still senseless. I was bound so I could not move, and for a long time I was forced to witness the most terrible sight of my life.

At last the black mistress of the place recovered. In a dazed way she saw that our enemy was prostrated. She cut the ropes that bound us, and both of us did what we could to aid the unhappy wretch. The liquor he had drunk made the poison move slow in its effect, but it was not able to save him. We had no remedies, and the woman could tell me of no place near by where I might procure help.

In less than three hours, so near as I could judge, Kingsley was a bloated, purple corpse, more revolting even in death than in life.

He had taken my trousers as his share of my clothing. In the pockets I found my watch, trinkets and money. Of the latter, my colored friend had the largest share. I was very sorry I could do nothing for the snake.

I threw the dead body over the mule's back and carried it a mile or more from the hut so as to prevent the people from getting into trouble. I left the terrible looking object in a thicket, and the woman promised me that "her man" should bury it after he came home that night. Then I turned the mule loose, mounted my horse and rode back to the post, where I astonished all who saw me, and gave as little explanation of my adventure as I could.

That night I spent with Colonel C. and his family, but I was not in my best uniform or my usual spirits. To the old gentleman in confidence I told my adventure.

I often dream that time over, and am not sorry to wake and find that my life does not depend upon a strange deliverance as before.—L. B. Wilson, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NEW GUINEA MARRIAGES.

Peculiar Ceremonies Characterized by Unusual Reserve and Modesty.

M. Reclus says the Islanders of New Guinea are married, not according to their own inclinations, but those of their parents. They are most frequently affianced at a very tender age, but are afterwards forbidden to associate with each other; indeed, this is carried so far that the girl may not even look at her future husband.

Both must avoid all contact with the members, masculine and feminine, of the family into which they are about to enter. Their wedding ceremonies are characterized by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted at night in a torchlight procession through the village. One woman carries her on her back, while another binds her arms as though she were a captive, and leads her by the rope to the house of her betrothed. This is a symbol of slavery, a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class has preserved. There is nothing of this in the processions of the poor. On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives, who lead him into her chamber. She awaits him with her back turned, indicating that she does not dare to meet his conquering gaze. The young man approaches till within two feet of her, turns on his heel, and then they are back to back, in the midst of a numerous assembly, the men on one side, the women on the other. After the entertainment the bride is led into her own room, still not daring to meet the terrible glance of her husband, and keeping her back turned to the door; seeing this, the husband also turns his back on her. The whole night is spent in this manner; they sit there motionless, having some one to brush away the flies, and without speaking a word.

If they grow sleepy some one of the assistants, who take turns in doing this service, nudges him with his elbow. If they keep wide awake they are assured of a long life and green old age. In the morning they separate, still without looking at each other, in order to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the previous night. This performance is continued for four nights, and on the fifth morning, with the first rays of the sun, the young people may look each other full in the face. That suffices; the marriage is considered accomplished, and the newly wedded pair receive the customary congratulations.—All the Year Round.

THE FRANKISH KINGDOM.

The Power Wielded by the Kings of Jerusalem for Nearly a Century.

Those who are accustomed to think of the history of the Crusades as merely that of a succession of marvelous fanatic raids will have their ideas modified when they hear of this civil constitution of the Frankish Kingdom. For nearly a century the kings of Jerusalem held power over a district of about 15,000 square miles. For more than 150 years the Syrians were ruled by a Latin race, and there is, author remarks, every reason to believe that they were content to be so governed; "truly, in the present century," he writes, "Syria might still be ruled well by a system founded on that of the Assassins of Jerusalem." Various were the races ruled by these Christian kings—Normans, Provencals, Italians, Germans, Frisians, and a few English and Spaniards, at one time Norsemen and Danes, among Europeans; among the native races, Christian and Moslem, were Greeks, Armenians, Georgians, Syrians, Moslem, Fellahin and Arabs, and apparently Persians among the Druses and Assassins. As the natural result of the communion of the East and West, the lingua franca contained a mixture of Arabic and Italian and other tongues of the Latin races. The language of literature and the church was Latin. Europeans married native women; thus arose the race called Polabians by the chroniclers. Baldwin I. and Baldwin II. married Armenian Princesses, but this did not result in placing a half-bred King on the throne. "The alliances of the noble families with Armenians were very numerous, and the rosy cheeks and dark eyes of the women of this race seem to have been more admired than the dusky beauties of Syrians, even when of Christian belief."—Edinburgh Review.

—What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. The answer to this old conundrum is: "Don't let the man know you are trying to manage him."

WEIGHING THE SUN.

The Most Surprising Result of the Advancement of the Sciences.

The power we have of weighing a star is, without doubt, one of the most surprising results of the advancement of the sciences, that one indeed which persons unacquainted with the principles of celestial mechanics most hesitate to accept. To weigh a star is a fact more extraordinary, again, than to measure the distance of one; and certainly, neither Copernicus, nor Galileo, nor Kepler, nor Newton could have imagined that the day would come when their successors would be able, by the application of their immortal discoveries, to determine the mass of a star moving in the depths of celestial space. Let us attempt to give an idea of the method employed in acquiring a knowledge of the magnitude and the masses of stars.

The mass of a star is calculated by the energy of the action that it throws around it. If the earth were ten times heavier than it is, still preserving the same volume, it would draw bodies toward its surface ten times more forcibly than it now does, and an object which now falls a given number of feet in the first second of time, would then drop ten times that number of feet in that second. Again, if the earth, still preserving its volume, had the mass of the sun, it would attract bodies with an energy increased 324,000 times, and an object which now weighs one pound would then weigh 324,000 pounds; a man of the mean weight of 160 pounds would weigh 51,840,000 of them! We measure the weight of a star by the intensity of the attraction to its surface. Reduced to its simple expression, in its application to the fall of bodies, this attraction would be hard to verify; but we can determine it by the velocity of a satellite gravitating around a star whose mass we wish to know.

For example, the attraction of the earth has the power of curving the straight line which would be followed by the moon in space if this attraction did not exist, and it bends the line by its attraction in such a way that the moon runs round the circumference of a circle in twenty-seven days seven hours and forty-three minutes. If the mass or the energy of the earth should increase, the velocity of the moon in its orbit would also be augmented; if the mass should be diminished, the contrary effect on the moon's orbit would be produced. Attraction varies in the direct ratio of the masses. The velocity of the moon around the earth comes from the same force as the earth. The earth is the hand which causes the moon to turn in the sling. If the earth had more force, more energy than it really has, it would cause the moon to turn more swiftly, and vice versa. If the sun should increase in weight the earth and other planets would turn more rapidly around it, and years would decrease in length. If the mass of the sun should decrease, the contrary results would take place. By comparing the action of the earth on the moon, we have found that the sun is 324,000 times more powerful, more heavy than the earth.—Prof. Paul A. Towne.

READY MONEY IN BANKS.

Difficulty of Cashing Very Large Checks at Any Financial Concern.

In a gathering recently of five or six men, most of whom are at least reputed to be wealthy, doubt was expressed by each one if there is a man in New York who could draw his check for \$1,000,000 and have it honored in actual cash.

One of the group, a prominent financier, said: "I know of an instance not long since which is a fair illustration of these million dollar checks. A London man had a business transaction in which a payment was to be made to him of £28,000. For business reasons he did not wish the checks to be passed as in business transactions. A check had been given to him on Mills, Glynn, Currie & Co., who are the recognized outside bankers of the Bank of England. He went to them and demanded the cash for the check. They had not so much money on hand and were obliged to ask him to wait until they could go to the bank of England and procure it. When he had secured the cash he went to the other bankers to make a deposit. The second house refused to accept the money on deposit until he had explained to them in the fullest manner where he got it. They had never had so large a deposit made in cash at one time. They would not accept it without knowing where it came from and looked upon him with suspicion for having so much cash in his possession until he had explained the circumstances of his business.

Of course the bank of England had money enough to meet such a check or a much larger one, the same as the United States Treasury would be able to meet a great demand. But the fact that £28,000 should be a stumper for two of the biggest banking establishments of London indicates how small a part actual cash plays in the business transactions of the day."—N. Y. Tribune.

—On Robert's Island, California, one day last week Farmer Gibson shot a dove, which dropped dead in the grass near his house. As he started to pick up the bird he saw something move toward the spot where it had fallen; and, thinking it a coon, he fired at the object, which proved to be his thirteen-year old son, who was hiding in the grain. The charge entered the lad's breast and he died shortly after.

PITH AND POINT.

—Which is the worse, the man who can sing and won't or the man who can't and will?

—No one is likely to accomplish much who moodily indulges in a desponding view of his own capabilities.

—When some men draw up a note they have to draw it up pretty small before any one will take it.

—A man has hard work to make his wife believe that he doesn't own the earth when she gets him into a bonnet store.

—If a vixenish wife ever takes back her words, it is in order that she may use them again with redoubled effect.

—A correspondent writes to ask what kind of cloth is most durable. Convict stripes, dear sir. They are never worn out.—Buffalo Express.

—A newspaper man has written an article on "Ladies' Hats," but we must say he doesn't rise to the height of his subject.—Burlington Free Press.

—All is not gold that glitters—A beauty fair may criticize.

When cheeks are red and glances twinkle; The freckles which philosophize, And wisdom comes with scars and wrinkles.

—Tessa Siftings.

—A Dakota man recently got fifty dollars damages from a railroad company whose line runs through his farm. His claim was that the trains were so long passing across his fields that they injured the crop to that amount by shading it.—Dakota Bell.

—A Good Recommendation—Old Paddings—"You may be right, Mr. Sappington, still, I shall send Willie to Yale." Sap (who entered Harvard with '83)—"My dear sir, you will always regret it. Now look at me; I entered eight years ago, and—"(Willie goes to Yale.)

—Mrs. DeGarmo—"I understand your son is quite sick at college Mrs. Smythe?" Mrs. Smythe—"Yes. Poor John! The president writes me that he entered into his work with too much ardor, and he has broken down." Mrs. DeGarmo—"What seems to be the nature of his trouble?" Mrs. Smythe—"He was hit on the head by a foul ball. I believe they call it."—Harper's Bazar.

—There is a legend of one who, day-dreaming in his chair, behind a vision, which stood there before him and beckoned him to follow her to fortune. He waited sluggishly, heeded not her call nor her beckoning, until at last she grew dim and disappeared. Just as the vision faded he sprang to his feet and cried out: "Tell me who thou art!" and received the answer, "I am Opportunity; once neglected I never return."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Couldn't stand the atmosphere.—"The air in this room makes me feel faint," said a husband to his wife in a large dry goods store on Sixth avenue. "The smell of dry goods always was unpleasant to me. I'll cross the street and wait for you." Then he went across the street and into a larger beer saloon, the floor of which was covered with stale beer, cigar stumps and sawdust, and enjoyed the pure ozone until his wife came out.—Drake's Traveller's Magazine.

ABOUT THE ZITHER.

A Charming Instrument Which Is Growing in Popular Favor.

The zither (pronounced zit-ter) is an instrument which has of late been engrossing the attention of quite a number of people, and bids fair to become popular in fashionable circles. In European cities it has attained unusual prominence and won well-merited distinction, which in this country, for lack of good teachers, it has failed to receive proper attention. Its name is derived from the Greek (kithara), the precise shape of which is not known, but it is supposed to have resembled the lyre in construction. It has been wonderfully improved within the last half century, and to-day is as complete as any instrument of its kind known to the world. Its qualities are clear, having a degree of refinement and delicacy possessed by no other instrument except the human voice or the violin. It like other musical instruments of the higher order, has its technicalities, being capable of portraying a variety of emotion and expression if manipulated by a first-class performer. Its advantages are many, being small in compass, easily carried from place to place, especially adapted to parlor amusement, and furthermore comprising in itself melody, bass and accompaniment. According to the form of to-day, the instrument has five melodic-strings, tuned in fifths, comprising in the chromatic order a range of four octaves and two or three semitones, and twenty-five or more bass and accompaniment strings, also tuned in fifths, comprising a range chromatically of two octaves or more. It has created quite an interest among the ladies, being well adapted to leisure moments, and will in a short time become a favorite among them.—Baltimore American.

Got Them Mixed Up.

"I haven't a fair show," said a tough whom a policeman in the northeastern part of the city was ordered to move on. "I can't fight you in your official capacity. If you were only a citizen for a few minutes!"

"Consider me a citizen," replied the officer, as he laid down his baton and removed his badge.

An interval of seconds elapsed, and as the tough hunched nearer the fence to get a brace for his back he wearily observed:

"Say! I there is some mistake! I guess I got the capacities mixed up!"—Detroit Free Press.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

AN EXCHANGE.

I had put on Daisy's hat,
And she had put on mine;
And then we ran and got to school
Just as the clock struck nine.

And there I sat in Daisy's seat,
And she went into mine;
For I was Daisy for the day,
And she was me, May Vina.

At noon each ate the other's lunch;
My appetite was small,
For mamma'd made my special cake,
And Daisy had it all.

Then, after school, when I went off
To Daisy's house to tea,
I thought "would mamma spread the jam
As thick for her as me?"

And Daisy's papa'd brought for her
A box of chewing gum;
And, oh! I saw across the street
My "Fairy Tales" had come.

You see, I don't like chewing gum.
It makes me sick, indeed;
While Daisy—who's a darling girl,
But doesn't like to read.

So, like a flash I slipped away,
And right upon the walk
Was Daisy dear—she'd started, too.
We didn't stop to talk.

But I ran into papa's house,
And was so glad 'twas past,
And I was my own mamma's girl,
And in her arms at last!

—Youth's Companion.

MUD PIES VERSUS TURKEYS.

A Little Story of a Boy Who Thought Girls "Don't Know Nothing."

"Now, Peter, stay at home this afternoon and keep an eye to the house, and the turkeys as well. There seem to me indications of a shower, and you must be sure and not let the young turkeys get wet," said Farmer Garland, as he stepped into the buggy in which his wife was already seated. "Yes, sir," drawled Peter slowly; but he looked glum enough as he watched his parents out of sight and then glanced up at the blue sky overhead, muttering: "Stuff and nonsense! Nobody will run away with the house, and there is no more danger of rain than of snow. I might just as well go a fishing with the fellows!" He did not dare, however, to disobey so positive a command of his father's, and pretty soon, with his hands in his pockets, sauntered around to the back of the farm-house, to look at his own especial brood of turkeys, fine young fowls, that he was raising himself, and which, before his mind's eye, he could already see sent to market and transformed into the jingling coin of the republic, and that, in turn, invested in the desire of his heart, a bicycle. "And Thanksgiving will see me spinning along on my metal steed, and crowing over all the boys," he thought, with pride and delight.

The Garland homestead was a very old-fashioned mansion, and in the rear stood one of those brick Dutch ovens in which our forefathers—or, rather, foremothers—were wont to bake their famous milk pies and pan dories; and close to this, Peter came upon his two little sisters, deep in their Saturday baking, and merry as grigs, as they concocted their pies of rich brown mud and fresh spring water, and to which they gave as high-sounding names as any French chef.

"What a silly girl's play that is!" exclaimed Peter, as he gave one of the little tarts a kick, making wee Polly cry out that he "had spoiled her best Patty Foggarty," by which we suppose she meant pate-de-fois-gras, and caused Tressy to turn on him a pair of big, reproachful eyes. But as he leaned idly against the fence, watching the young cooks, he gradually became interested in their employment. He at last exclaimed: "Here, girls, you don't know how to make good mud pies! Yours are all crooked; girls never do things right! I'll show you how they ought to be!" And snatching the old handless knife from his sister's hands, down this pompous little "lord of creation" plumped on the ground and began stirring up the earth, while poor Tressy could only sit by and hold the cup of water for his lordship, and Polly's sturdy little feet were kept busy trudging back and forth to the Dutch oven, where these decidedly indigestible specimens of cookery were placed to brown.

Thus the afternoon wore away until Tressy, looking up, suddenly cried: "Why, there is a big bank of black clouds coming up in the west! We are going to have rain, and the turkeys must be driven under shelter! But Peter, who had now turned his attention from erecting a mud fort, only said: "Don't worry; the shower won't come here; 'twill go round, most likely!"

Uneasily, Tressy waited five minutes longer, and then, as the battalions of clouds continued to advance, started up, saying: "It is best to be on the safe side! Let us get the fowls together, Peter!"

"I tell you it is not going to rain," returned Peter, obstinately; "there is enough blue sky to make trousers for a dozen sailors."

"Well, if you won't come I shall drive pa's turkeys in myself," said Tressy, who, although usually a gentile, yielding little creature, could be firm enough at times.

"And have your trouble for naught. I can tell by the way of the wind that the shower will go round, and you had much better stay and see me finish my Sumter."

But Tressy thought otherwise, and summoning Polly, the two little girls were soon racing all over the grounds, driving the turkeys into the hen-house, while Peter shouted after them: "That's right! run and tear till you are out of breath; but don't dare to drive one of my brood in doors!"

It was hard work to cage the wild creatures, and the little maids were

tired out before the tail-feathers of the last refractory gobbler disappeared within the door and they were all safely shut in; but by that time there was not enough blue sky remaining to make even a pair of gloves, and Tressy came back timidly to the young fort-builder, to say softly, "Please, let us drive your turkeys in, too, Peter, for it certainly will rain very soon, and it would be such a pity if they should get wet." But the stubborn boy, who was too deeply engaged to look up, retorted shortly, and ungrammatically, "No, leave 'em alone; I ought to know what is best for my own brood. Girls think they know everything, and they don't know nothing."

Mr. Garland often remarked that "there never was a boy so set in his way as Peter," and he now plodded away sullenly at his fortification, until a large drop of rain, splashing on his hand, made him spring to his feet in a hurry and look wildly around for his young turkeys, which were scattered in all directions. "Tressy, Polly, do come and help me!" he shouted, as he rushed distractedly hither and yon; and kind-hearted Tressy responded quickly, but mischievous little Polly only sat at an upper window, laughing at his distress, while she lisped: "Deth you think diris are thum dood now?"

But it was all of no use; the turkeys seemed determined to rush on to their own destruction, and soon the rain came pelting down in such torrents as to drench them to the skin. It was a sorry sight for Peter as he worked over his pets, trying to dry and warm them; and for weeks after, as he watched his young turkeys dwindle and die, one by one, and with them all his hopes of the long-desired bicycle, he bitterly regretted that hour, spent so obstinately over the dirt fort.

His father refrained from even a word of reproach, although he rewarded Tressy well for her care. But whenever Peter was inclined to lord it over his sisters, and think he knew better than every one else, it was only necessary to say to him, "Well, Peter, so you prefer mud-pies to turkeys!"—A. C. Sage, in American Agriculturist.

A LITTLE STORY.

Told by Myra, or by Her Papa, or by Both of Them Together.

"Tell me a story, papa," said little Myra.

"I lifted her into my lap and began: 'A man was driving a pony through the woods.'"

"What woods?"

"A forest."

"What is a forest?"

"A lot of trees."

"Like at grandma's?"

"Yes, dear. A man was driving a black pony through—"

"A black pony, papa?"

"Yes."

"With a white star on its forehead?"

"Yes, pet."

"And one white foot?"

"Yes, dear. A man was driving a pony through the woods. He met a dog—"

"A big dog, papa?"

"Yes."

"With a brass collar on?"

"Like Uncle Joe's?"

"Yes."

"What was the dog's name?"

"Carlo."

"Oh?"

"There was a cat!"